

The United States hasn't always been the place I considered home. For the first ten years of my life, the only home I knew was one centered around life in Lagos, Nigeria, a country characterized by illiteracy. Breaking the cycle of poverty meant having to move thousands of miles away in search of a better life and a brighter future. However, life in the United States was not the bed of petals and roses we expected it to be. Being one of five kids raised by a single mother in a foreign country made the already difficult transition much more arduous. A job that required contributions from both parents was placed on the shoulders of one person; someone who too was unfamiliar with this new life. I should be considered for this scholarship because it will ease the troubles of trying to fund my way through college. Fortunately, I attended a high school that gave me multiple opportunities to prepare for the next four years, and I've made sure to take advantage of every single one. Knowing that there isn't a college fund waiting for me I have spent countless late nights on assignments in the rigorous classes necessary to boost my gpa and make me a promising candidate to colleges

From a tender age, I've always known that I wanted to work in the medical field. The thought of being able to care for others; to know that someone trusts you enough to put their life in your hands, is something that I have always felt called to do. The bond created between patient and caregiver is something that I always hoped to experience. As I continued my research and rotated in and out of the hospital during my high school apprenticeship program, I was fortunate enough to discover my true love and passion in the labor and delivery department. Standing there, smTounded by anxious family members and seeing a mother, filled with hope and welling up with tears of joy opened my eyes to my future career. Watching the delivery doctor ease the mother's pain and talk her through the process whilst simultaneously ensuring both the baby and mother were stable brought tears to my eyes; it was joy in its purest form. From that point on I knew what I wanted to be. I knew I wanted to do what I had seen the doctor do. I knew that if ever presented the opportunity, I wanted to be there to experience the joy that comes with bringing someone new into this earth. After countless hours of research, I have decided to pursue a major in biology. I know it will provide me with a strong foundation of mathematics and science that will prepare me for a successfulpost graduate career in health care. After obtaining the degree, I will then apply to medical school to continue on my journey of acquiring the title I've been working towards since that day in the labor and delivery room, the day I found my calling. Being involved in extracurricular organizations that focused on community service throughout high school - National Honors Society, AVID Club, Key Club, and BETA - has reinforced my desire to give back to my community. One day I will return to my home, Lagos, Nigeria, a country that lacks access to the kind of healthcare we take for granted in this country. Nigeria has an infant mortality rate twelve times that of the United States. It is my goal to use my training to bring joy to the mothers of Lagos, the same kind of joy I experienced that day in that room.

Getting an acceptance letter from one of the most prestigious Universities in Texas, The University of Texas, was a major milestone in my journey of one day becoming an OBGYN. I have thoroughly researched prospective schools, and I am certain that with the right support, the right place, and the right environment - all of which this campus offers - I am indeed capable of achieving wonders.